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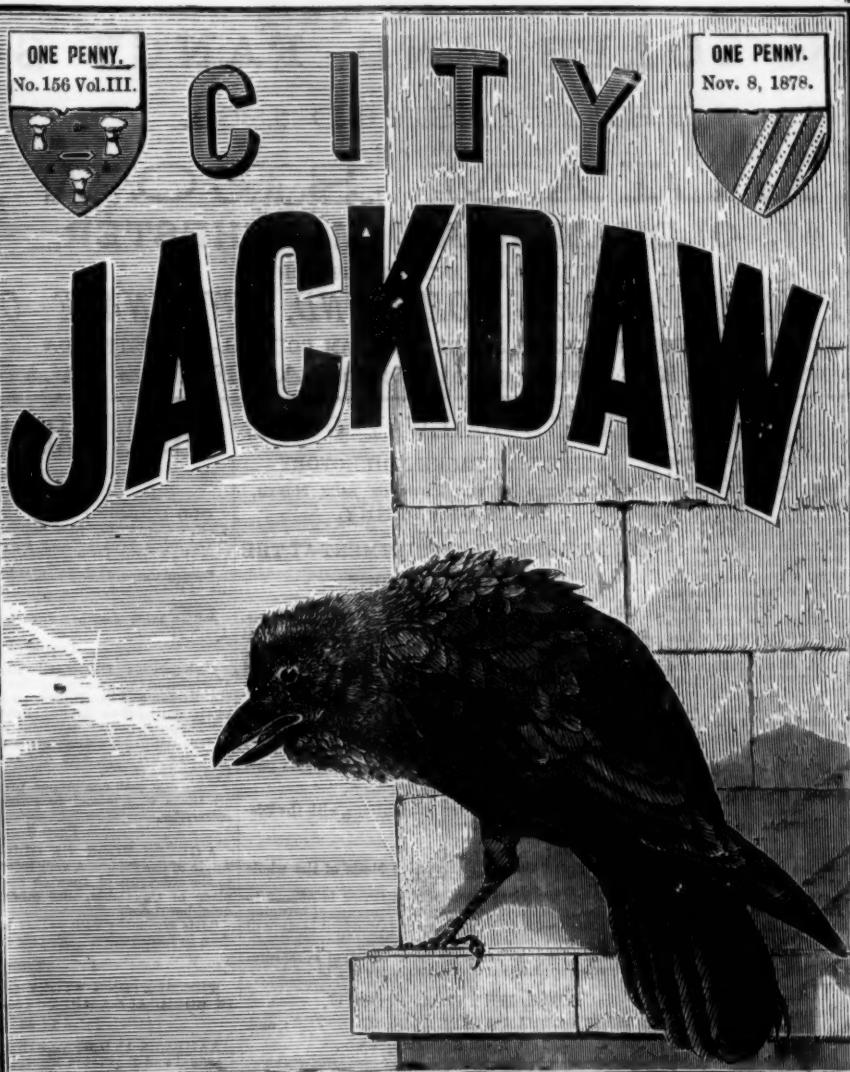
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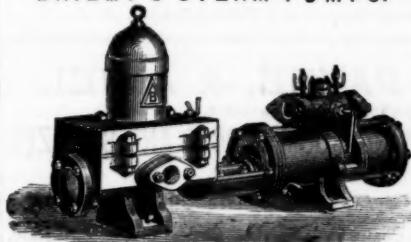
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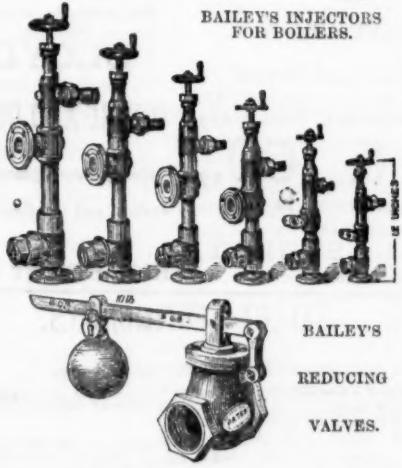
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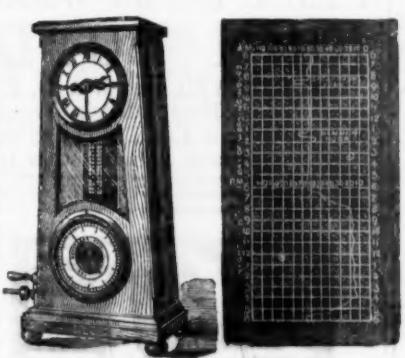
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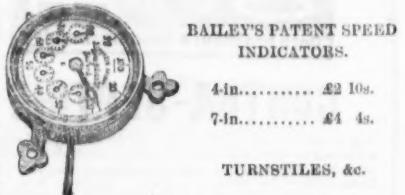
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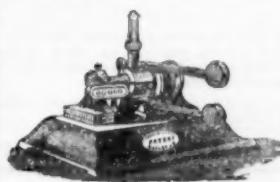
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VOL. III.—No. 156.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS AND POLITICS.

MANCHESTER and Salford Liberals did not so badly over the Municipal Elections; but we think they might have done better, at least in some instances, and we believe that they are certain to do better when they come to be thoroughly organised and properly managed. It is astonishing the number of fallacies that flourish in our midst on the subject of party organisations and party contests. Liberal associations exist in both Manchester and Salford, but in neither case is the organisation so complete that the leaders and officials know to a nicety what they are about and what are their prospects once the tug of war comes. On the occasion of the contest between Colonel Walker and Mr. Joseph Kay the Liberal officials asserted the very night before the election that Kay was bound to win by nine hundred or one thousand votes at the least! Blundering such as this could, and never can, result in anything but defeat. Some excellent Liberals seem to think that it is possible to have too much organisation. What they would be content with, what they are content with, is an Association in name—an Association which doubtless has great end in view, but fails to adopt the necessary means for gaining that end. What is known as "The Caucus System" has come in for a great deal of criticism and condemnation lately; but, according to the gospel of some Liberals even, the Caucus System is only bad when it is in the hands of Liberals and when it succeeds. Again, who has not listened to prosy harangues during the last few weeks on the undesirability of "imparting politics into municipal elections?" Fudge! Is a man to be a Christian on Sunday and a scoundrel on Tuesday; or a Liberal in Parliament and a Tory in the Town Council? Neither the citizens of Manchester nor the burgesses of Salford require to be reminded that most of our Aldermen and Councillors use their influence as such on behalf of the political party to which they belong. And what for no? Happily, the representation of Manchester is sound both in the City Council and in Parliament at present. But alas for poor Salford! Most of her Councillors and Aldermen are Tories, and Mr. W. T. Charley and Colonel O. O. Walker are her Parliamentary representatives. If the Liberals of Salford ever hope to return Liberals to the House of Commons they must learn, first of all, how to return Liberals to the Town Council. What our friends have to do is to imitate the example of Birmingham, where there were contests in twelve wards and where every Conservative candidate went to the wall on Friday last. Birmingham stinks in the nostrils of Beaconsfield. An order has consequently gone forth that at least one Tory must be returned for Birmingham next general election. Captain Burnaby is to be that happy man. Sir Stafford Northcote and others have obeyed the orders from headquarters that they should visit Birmingham and sow the tares of Toryism amongst the wheat of Liberalism. Partly as a test, and partly, they hoped, as an encouragement, the Conservatives contested twelve out of sixteen wards. The result is worth giving, for it is about as fine a record of the triumph of Radicalism under the circumstances as any man could wish to read:—

| Wards. | Candidates. | Votes. |
|-----------------------|-------------------|--------|
| All Saints'..... | Pattison (L)..... | 1,651 |
| Burton (C)..... | 811 | |
| Ladywood..... | Phillips (L)..... | 1,845 |
| | Parkes (C)..... | 825 |
| St. Paul's..... | Houlston (L)..... | 1,607 |
| | Stoke (C)..... | 796 |
| St. Stephen's | Wright (L)..... | 927 |
| | Hanks (C)..... | 868 |
| St. Mary's | Marris (L)..... | 1,147 |
| | Wadham (C)..... | 1,017 |
| St. Bartholomew's.... | Hart (L)..... | 1,208 |
| | Brindley (C)..... | 1,018 |

| Wards. | Candidates. | Votes. |
|------------------|--------------------|--------|
| Market Hall..... | Sharp (L)..... | 1,329 |
| | Ash (C)..... | 1,190 |
| Edgbaston..... | Mathews (L)..... | 1,288 |
| | Tonks (C)..... | 758 |
| Deritend..... | Bishop (L)..... | 1,542 |
| | Simkin (C)..... | 1,070 |
| Bordesley..... | Tait (L)..... | 1,470 |
| | Coleman (C)..... | 1,140 |
| Duddeston..... | Griffiths (L)..... | 1,097 |
| | Stone (C)..... | 831 |
| Nechells | Austin (L)..... | 1,400 |
| | Fallows (C)..... | 839 |

The total number of votes given for the twelve Liberals was 16,511; and for the twelve Conservatives, 11,163, showing a Liberal majority of 5,348. Nor can there be any doubt that the majority would have been still greater had the Tories contested the remaining four wards in which the Liberals are particularly strong. The *Birmingham Daily Post* may well say:—"It has been a very poor business for the Tories as it is. When it comes to be a question of Burnaby against Bright they will fare infinitely worse. We can, however, afford to wait until that time comes; if it ever does come. For the present it is a more grateful task to record the magnificent Liberal victory of Friday, to thank the army of zealous workers who helped to achieve it, and to congratulate them and the town on having repeated the triumph which was won by their fathers just forty years ago." Mr. J. S. Wright, addressing a great crowd after the polls were declared, said that the Birmingham Tories had brought down the Chancellor of the Exchequer to help them. They brought down the swaggering cavalry officer—Captain Burnaby. They had taken the bung out of the beer barrels, and they had made every public-house a committee-room, and yet, after all, the Liberals had beaten them by a most tremendous majority. Forty years ago, when Birmingham was made a borough, the Tories had a list and the Liberals had a list, and the Liberals won every one of the seats. Five years ago the Conservatives contested nine wards, and the Liberals won seven out of them. Birmingham was not going back—Birmingham was going forward. The Tories had said they wanted to try in this election whether they could not win a battle when the Parliamentary election came on, and they had said that the votes that were given were given for Captain Burnaby. Let them go and tell the result to the Government. Let the country take heart from Birmingham, and let all the great towns tell the Government that they would have none of their war-making policy. The Liberals would be ready to fight the Parliamentary battle whenever they liked, and the victory which they had won that day assured them that they would be able to win the Parliamentary victory whenever that battle came. Mr. R. W. Dale, who followed, said they had to report a victory along the whole line, and if the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself came down to contest Birmingham at the next general election he would now know what kind of a reception they would give him. This is the sort of talk and the sort of work that we like. The Liberals of Birmingham are Liberals at all times and under all circumstances. Perhaps the present record of their recent triumphs will not be altogether thrown away upon a few halting Liberals in Manchester, and a goodly number of rather weak-kneed Liberals in Salford.

MOTTO (*after Wordsworth*) for gas consumers, not being gas shareholders—"Hail! bright new comer, I have seen, I see thee and rejoice."

MR. W. H. SMITH, the First Lord of the Admiralty, might well wish to obtain a cheaper seat than that of Westminster, where, it is said, he has to pay between £4,000 to £5,000 each year for the purpose of keeping the register in order.

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactory, Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. Id. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

WURDS TO THE WISE.

[BY JOSHUA THORNLEY.]

JOHNSON, as you no, I'm nothing at all if I'm not in the proper vane; but when I am, I'm bad to beat, that is not only me own opinyun but the opinyun of me sister Matilda. It wud do you good to no me sister Matilda; she is a wonderful woman; and, if you nu her, it wud enable you to deside why wimmon was made. If Matilda das a wise thing to-day, she das sumthing far kleverer to-morrow; and so she goes on improving day by day, until thare will be the pinakul of perfeckshun bi and bi. But time is as preshus now as it was in the past, and the prases of me sister will keep. So weel pass on to the interesting topick of our diskors. The other morning, when I kame down to brekfast, the face of Matilda was rooth'd in a smile, she was a thornless rose, and the sweetnes of her spirit exsited within me a feeling of the warmest affeckshun. Says I, in a moment, "What's the matter, Matilda, that you look so supremely happy; did you have a dreemless sleep throo the nite, and was thare no paneful waking, that you look so brite in the morning?" "No, my dear brother," she replide; "it is not that." Then I sed to her, "Reveel the sekret immeagately, and let me share the general joy." "Joshua," she kontinude, "the deep kords of a great and tender voyce is reverberating now throo the length and breadth of the land; the trumpet is sounded, and thare's an alarm." "Indeed!" I exclaimed, "and whos voyce is it, and what das it say, that thare shud be okkashun for wild exsitement?" "Oh!" she went on, in a tone that was tragick and tuching, "the hosts that was mustering for war will wate a minit or too to think; and there may yet be peace," and with a signifikant smile, she added, "and perhaps with honner this time, Joshua." "Kum, kum," I sed, "Matilda, bring in the dinner. You exsited the appytite. Is thare any provishuns in the larder?" "Yes, yes, Joshua," she cride, "you kan richly fare; our old friend William Gladston's been letting em have it at Rill; he's throne a queer stone into the water thare, and itell ripple to the farthest shore. He's hit the ugly giant in the hed, and if it dusnt kill him, why, he must be ded olerddy." You will notis that Matilda's rather wurdly. She's like uther wimmin in that respekt only, and when she starts, it's diffekult to say whare sheel stop. But we kan afford to wate for a woman that speaks, if she kan say sumthing. "O, then," I sed, "the big speech of Gladston's kum off, has it?" "Yes," she remarked, prondle, "it's kum off, Joshua, and it's going on in the charming langwage of the poit; it has the speshul glory of going on; the—

"Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong."

It was impossibl for me to konstrane myself heer, and I criide out several times, "Bravo! bravo; well done, Matilda." But Matilda was def to the delites of applaws. She proceeded: "Mr. Gladston generally speeks at the rite time, and that's when the peopl who are rong wud like him to be silent; he marches into thare empty house and lifts up his voyee; and if the place is hollo bekans thare no furnichur inside, even his whisper is horribul." "Then you think, Matilda," sed I, "that the ex-Premear has opened thare ise?" "Yes," she replide, "and he's provided a prospectk for those that kan see." After this me sister dru herself up to the full hite. Now, Matilda is very tall, and she kontinude as follows: "Joshua, my luv, praps you not interrupt me agane while I state the kase, for I kant think konsekutiv if you speak in the middle, and I don't require assistance. The Erl of Bekkonsfeeld is the great humbug of the age. In that respeckt he's pre-eminent, and his nolige of the fakt gives him the feeble step and the faltering gate. He kant take the stray korse, but lufs the crooked path, and is kontinually koming akross a surprise. His lordship is a fitting man, and is at home on the feeld of battle, whare he kan dodge about in the smoke, and you kan only doteckt a little bit of him at a time; and even then he's not nice, and the prevailing wish of the wise is, that he was kumfortably out of the way. So you see, Joshua, peeces with honner wont do for him. His lordship kant breath in a quiet atmosfeer, if it's clear. Now we begin to ask ourselves, every one of us, what did the man ever do? We begin to take his stock, and the empty boxes is abundant. He's no effectks that are good. First of all he took publiek confidens to his tender arms, and shook the sensitiiv damsel to deth; and if I'm not mistook, her gentil spirit's taken its deparchur, and there isn't a profit in all the land that kan tell whare is the place of her abode. What is the result? Every man's sinserity is suspectk, and as far as bisness gose no body is absolutely safe, and there's a general suspishun of Insolvency. Tru,

trade may be done, but he's a bold man that dare do it; so he keeps his ship by the shore till the sees is smooth and thare's no danger of a rek. This, Joshua, my luv, is why a good menny descent fellos is standing at the korners of the streets with those idle hands in those empty pockets feeling at the frutes of a Konservativ policy. Well, in the midst of the distress, with the chattering teeth and the kold wether, and the blackend ashes in the grate, thare isn't much warmth and kumfort in the sparkul' of his lordship's tinsel, and thare kums on his extensiv eers a sound that strikes him as if it had a murmur in it; he listens; the swell is put on to the misery, and the retched air is heavy with a mitey mine of deep angwisch and distress. This pickchur of the imminent and impending fucher appalls his heeted imaginashun, and thare passes before his distempurd vissun multitudes of men with nives in thare hands ready to plunge into the marter brest of Bekkonsfeeld. So in the words of the krittik of old, he exclames "They ell never do." Presently he konsults with Northkote, and the other humble kreechurs of the Kabinet. Bekkonsfeeld is the first spokesman, and opens the bawl. Throwing his anxhous and haggard look to Northkote, he ses, "Northkote, mee boy, the fillistins is upon us; our footstepps are on the burning marl; our torchuus track is santed, and the game, I'm afraid, is up." Then kums Kranbrook, and suggests that "kurrage may yet provide sum way of eskape." Northkote takes a nap in the diffeckuite; he dreems that he sleeps on a bed of roses, and sooths his trubled spirit with the balm of sleep. Now, the old man is up agane, and remarks, "that the star of Bekkonsfeeld must continue to shine," and he thinks to himself that the multitudes is as mad as ever. "Tru," ses he, "thay are slitey turbulent, but what of that? Thay are hungry, and thare is no bred; thay are able and willing to wark, but thare is no laber; thay want money, but our x checkker Northkote wont do them no good. What, then, is to be dun in the emergensy? and I demand a reply from the united Kabinet. The distress is grate, and the kase is desperate. Weel make it grater. I'll prepare a sensashun for the people, and will reveel me plans only as thay proseed; mistery shall succeed mistery; the unlikely thing shall ever be turning up, and the silly fools shall look at that with amasement, and forget for the moment the Erl of Bekkonsfeeld and thare sorrow. And then, Joshua," she added, "the next thing we heer is the puzzle of the Afghanistan war, and—" But I stopped her here, for I sed, "Really, Matilda, that's quite sufficient, and the rest shall follow."

LAND, LAND HO!

"**J**UP, up with the signal, the land is in sight,"
Which to every true heart is a hideous blight;
The cold, barren moorland, so cheerlessly spread,
Whilst thousands are beggaring employment and bread;
Shall the Briton be sent amongst strangers to toil,
Whilst wasted and bare lies his own native soil?

Why should we need food for the poor and distressed,
That the peer may have grouse at his autumnal feast?
Does he think, whilst he shoots o'er that wild, sterile moor,
It would feed and employ many thousands of poor?
Ah, no; not a thought of that suffering band
Disturbs the proud mind of that lord of the land!

The nobles of old were of knightly renown,
Their lands held by service and suit to the crown;
Each kept men-at-arms at his sovereign's call,
And no "standing army" was needed at all,
For the nobles assembled their troops at command,
In defence of the monarch who gave them their land.

And still their descendants hold park, wood, and moor,
Whilst the taxgatherer calls at the cottager's door
For the means to support those retainers so bold
Who once were all fed by the nobles of old;
And the cost of the army the poor people stand,
Whilst the peer pays no rent for his ill-gotten land!

And the patriot statesman looks on with dismay
At the widely spread evil he cannot allay;
Then up with the signal—and welcome the hour
Which will one day hurl down, in the fulness of power,
The idol which stands on that pedestal grand,
And poverty sweep from the face of the land!

Land, land ho! All turn with dismay from the sight—
To the welfare of England the land is the blight!

DEBT BUYING & COLLECTING.—

Messrs. FERRAN NEPHEW, & CO., Manchester Chambers, 46, Market Street, Manchester, PURCHASE or (for a small commission on actual receipts only) COLLECT, personally defraying all law expenses found necessary. Detailed list sent, or invitation to call, will receive immediate attention.—CASH PAID ANY WEDNESDAY.

TEACHERS, BEWARE!

OUR very good friends the elementary teachers of Manchester and neighbourhood are, no doubt, in common with their co-workers all over the country, a very important body of people, and, equally without doubt, they are perfectly aware of their importance. Indeed, however slow they might have been in recognising their high worth if left to themselves, it was simply impossible that they should remain in any ignorance as to the greatness of their vocation seeing that everybody who happened to address them on any festive or business occasion was perpetually dinging into their ears the flattering truth that this calling was a most noble one. Even Miss Becker—practical, commonsense lady as she undoubtedly is—could not make a few remarks at a teachers' conversazione at Ashton the other day without patting her hearers on the back in this way and giving them all to understand, in all probability, that there was nothing in the world she should like better than to have the instruction of a number of more or less dirty young urchins. Of course, as we said at starting, the work of our elementary teachers is of no small importance, but we fear that people are making too much of the teachers, and will soon, if they continue to laud them to such an extent, irretrievably turn their heads—and we are not very sure that some sign of such a sad catastrophe is not already perceptible. Teachers are not, so far as we know, quite the sort of individuals, speaking of them collectively, to hang their heads abashed when their praise is being sounded forth, and we have heard it stated by folks who have a leaning towards uttering caustic things that they are inclined to think quite enough of themselves. In our unwillingness to believe anything which may savour of harshness, we have always hesitated to place very much credence in such things, but we must confess to having had somewhat of a shock in an observation of the President of the Manchester District Union of Teachers' Association at the business meeting preceding the conversazione. He was referring to the stigmatising of teachers by some people as persistent and causeless grumblers—and we are not quite sure that there is not some little truth at least in that allegation—and he consoled his hearers by remarking that it had been this growling and grumbling on the part of teachers that had lifted educational legislation to its proper level, and secured for the children of the working classes the elements of an education worthy of the name. We, and no doubt everybody else, are quite willing to give the teachers credit for having effected good, but we are totally unprepared to accept as gospel this "high-falutin'" on the part of the president. We are pleased to remark the advance which teachers are making; we congratulate them on their successful conversazione; we extend to them all the praise which is their due for their labours in the past; but we feel constrained to caution them against becoming high-minded and possessed of too great an idea of their own importance and influence, and we would whisper to any well-meaning admirers of theirs the moral with which Hood points his poem of "The Turtles"—

"Never, from folly or urbanity,
Praise people thus profusely to their faces,
Till quite in love with their own graces,
They're eaten up by vanity."

SNUFF-TAKING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."]

DEAR JACKDAW,—“The Owner of the Regimental Coffin” is evidently a man after my own heart, and speaks my sentiments to a “pinch.” But, I really must protest against his having entirely mistaken my expression of “his selfish nostrils.” I must repudiate having styled, or ever meant to style, the snuff-taker “selfish;” on the contrary, I believe him to be one of the most unselfish mortals in existence, not only so long as his box contains one grain of the exquisite compound, but even afterwards, as he often hands a friend his empty box from sheer force of habit. My meaning was, that the nostrils of a snuff-taker absorbed more of the innate sympathies of his heart and soul than all the other functions of his body, and that in that sense they were selfish; any habitual snuff taker knows how much every other feeling is absorbed in the absence of the usual enjoyment of the nostrils. I cordially agree with your correspondent as to the freemasonry of the snuff-box. During the Carlton House celebrity of the Prince Regent, the closed snuff-box of the “First Gentleman in Europe” was the signal of a friend’s banishment from the august assemblies. In conclusion, “The Owner of the Regimental Coffin” is ever welcome to the “mull” of your own SNEEZER.

“FIAT JUSTITIA.”

At Chester Assizes, on Tuesday, October 29th, James Stanton was convicted of grievously beating his wife with a poker, and was sentenced to twenty years’ penal servitude.

At the Manchester County Police Court, Patrick Burke was convicted of grievously beating his wife with a poker, and was sentenced to six months’ imprisonment with hard labour.

WHO can doubt the sapient wisdom of the Bench after this? Well might the presiding Judge at Chester observe that too much leniency was extended to crimes of violence as compared to crimes against property. By what standard is punishment meted out when two such conflicting sentences can be registered in the same week as six months’ imprisonment and twenty years’ penal servitude, for the same offence? The system of jurisprudence under which we are governed was wont to be a national boast, those laws which are supposed to treat alike peer and peasant have been sung into a world-wide fame, but who shall agree with their efficiency or perfection when two of those laws’ dispensers so widely differ in their administration? Read also this:—

MANCHESTER WINTER ASSIZES.—James Johnstone pleaded guilty of having married Elizabeth Chorlton, his former wife being then alive. Prisoner had previously served six months’ imprisonment for a similar offence. Sentence—nine months’ hard labour. Thomas Beatson pleaded guilty of having married Elizabeth Dunn, his former wife being then alive. No previous conviction was here alleged. Sentence—twelve months’ hard labour!

Here the old and hardened offender receives a sentence which is twenty-five per cent easier and shorter than the other, and younger offender, and will be loosed upon the unprotected female world three months earlier than his less experienced compatriot, to select perhaps a third victim, under the mild influences of Mr. Justice Manisty. Justice is pictured as blind, but the most sightless eyes are still quite capable of winking.

A BABY SONG.

AMONGST other good things, the November number of the *University Magazine* (Hurst and Blackett) contains the following sweet stanzas by C. A. Burke:—

Sweet little Enid—how did you come here—
Into this kingdom of tears and sighs?
Did you wander out of some fairy palace?
Or did you fall from the azure skies?

Did you drop at our feet from a golden sunbeam?
Did the great stork bring you? you creature small;
Were you cradled soft in the heart of a lily?
Or hidden under a mushroom tall?

That swaying bulrush is twice your stature—
The sunflower set by the garden door
To the hollyhock whispers, “Was ever a baby
So tiny seen in the world before?

How did you come by all your beauty?
Did an angel lend you those sweet blue eyes?
Did the fayfolk fashion those dainty fingers?
And print that dimple for our surprise?

Did the ripe peach fall on your cheek and tint it?
Did the jasmine whiten that forehead fair?
Did the red rose blush on your lips for sweetness?
And the silkworm spin you your golden hair?

Did the woodbirds teach you your wanton singing?
And the brook your laughter so wild and gay?
Were your wee feet trained to those graceful dances?
In some fairy ring where you chanced to stray?

Sweet little Enid—or fay, or angel,
We blessed your coming, we bless it still;
For there was a void in our hearts, my darling,
An aching void you were sent to fill.

“What do we think you?” You know who’ll tell you—
Tempt her with flowers, your childish charms—
What does she whisper? “The sweetest baby
That ever was given to mother’s arms.”

The HATS THAT CANNOT BE SURPASSED FOR STYLE, DURABILITY, AND CHEAPNESS, ARE ROBERTS'S, 87, Oxford Street, near All Saints



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT Miss Alice Adams would appear to have become one of the most important personages in Lancashire.

That things have actually gone such a length that a subscription is being raised on her behalf.

That the Manchester jury could not agree on a verdict; but a Liverpool jury is expected to come to some sort of decision.

That persons possessed of any powers of discretion and discrimination would find it to be an easy matter to return a verdict—and a very decided verdict—in the case.

That the result of the Municipal Elections throughout the country has rather opened the eyes of the Conservatives.

That, of course, Liberals are being lectured about the naughtiness of introducing politics on such occasions.

That the *Daily Telegraph* is particularly sad over the matter.

That it advises Liberals to adopt patriotism instead of parochialism.

That—thank God!—Liberals don't need to be taught the duties of patriots by the *Daily Telegraph*.

That, judging from the quantity of powder burned in honour of Guy Fawkes, all the talk about dull trade is sheer twaddle.

That Beaconsfield is expected to let off a grand display of fireworks at the Lord Mayor's banquet to-morrow night.

That the Tories are in deep enough waters at present.

That they don't know what to say for themselves.

That it was hoped Northcote would have said something to revive their spirits while he stamped the Midlands.

That he only added to their distress.

That, of course, the Prime Minister will utter words of fire.

That some men usually do such things after they have taken too much dinner and—champagne.

That, if all stories are true, the Earl of Beaconsfield cannot make a speech now except on the top of champagne.

That perhaps this accounts for the character which his orations generally possess.

That, meanwhile, both the Czar and the Ameer are taking matters very coolly.

That the Earl of Carnarvon had some stinging things to say at Edin-

burgh about the necessity for honesty and uprightness on the part of statesmen.

That we know who he had in his mind's eye.

That certain men, however, are impervious to criticism.

HIGH JINKS.

WE were not aware of the exact value of a Conservative seat in the Municipal legislature until Friday evening last. In passing along the lower end of Great Ancoats Street, our attention was drawn by a friend to a small crowd who were assembled round two excited individuals who suffered, evidently, from the effects of—say over-exertion in the cause of the defeated candidate for St. Clement's Ward. One, who is an ex-School Board inspector, and consequently (?) well up in such calculations, was loudly Jingling—I beg pardon—jingling out, “We have wrested one seat from the Liberals in the Council to-day, and that is worth *two thousand pounds* to us.” This is the value at which the Conservatives rate Mr. Potts' services, and Mr. Potts must be congratulated at being so highly valued. But in the face of such a windfall as two thousand pounds to the Conservative Club, who dare talk any further of unpaid gas bills? The other excited individual was an importation from St. Michael's Ward, and gave his hearers the gratuitous information that he had been that day at the head of *three hundred personators*! And the St. Clement's candidate was defeated by two hundred! Either the Liberal majority in that ward is an enormous one, or the small army of personators were cowards and quite unworthy of their general, who, whatever his other qualifications, is evidently no coward, or he would not have made such a statement in the public street. Under such a leader, who would not defend the “banner of blue?”

BEACONSFIELD POURTRAYED BY A TORY.

WHAT will come to no man can tell; but at present there is a really serious mutiny amongst our local Conservatives. Would you believe it?—many Tories are actually presuming to think for themselves. They say they are tired of heavy taxation, bad trade, and foreign complications; and make no secret of their intention to go dead against Lord Beaconsfield at the next election. One of them has even had the audacity to set forth his views of the Prime Minister in the columns of the *Examiner*; but we believe it is not true—as some evil-disposed persons have been alleging—that Mr. Maclure fainted when he read the letter. It was signed “An Englishman,” and was dated from “The Junior Conservative Club.” Here is an extract:—“Let them remember, also, that this same man (Lord Derby) was hooted down for thus speaking the truth, and on another occasion told to his face, in language unmistakable, that he was a liar; and yet, we Englishmen are asked by Mr. J. W. Maclure to respect these men (Derby, Salisbury, and Beaconsfield) equally. No, sir; not all Conservatives will stand dust throwing in their eyes. Lord Salisbury has shown weakness; he is under the finger and thumb of his chief, it is very evident. The fact has shown itself upon many occasions. When returning from the Berlin Conference, upon their arrival at Dover they were presented with an address, at least Lord Beaconsfield was; but with his natural adroitness he managed to throw all the credit, all the success of their labours upon Lord Salisbury. Of course he knew it would not be believed by the mob, but then this bit of flattery would comfort his partner. No, it is impossible to respect these three men equally. We cannot, at least as Englishmen and Tories, place the honourable name of Derby beside that of one who has not a drop of English blood in his veins, who is a foreigner in deed and truth, who has nothing to lose, who is simply a cunning adventurer, who relies chiefly on that vile weapon flattery to accomplish his purposes, who has, throughout the whole period of his life, been striving how far he could trade upon the credulity of the people, and how far he could malign his opponents and glorify himself. How believers in Lord Beaconsfield can call themselves Constitutionalists is indeed a puzzle. His every act is against the Constitution, and unless his career be stopped he will bring desolation upon the land. In conclusion, what I say may not be considered as serious; but I confess I have my misgivings whether we shall not find our Prime Minister packing up bag and baggage ere long, and departing from us under the pretence of superintending affairs in Asia Minor and set himself up in business there. Whether his career for evil will end thus or not need not cause much surprise.” Remember, all this is written by a Tory. Mr. Maclure, what are we coming to? Even Houldsworth is beginning to shake in his shoes.

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description. } WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

FROM STORNOWAY TO CALLARNISH.

[BY A HOLIDAY CORRESPONDENT.]

WE soon find that the best course we can adopt to obtain a notion of the country is to drive across to Gar-na-Hine and Callarnish on the opposite coast. The way from Stornoway leads past the neat villas by a circular road up a slight ascent. In this flat land the gentle slope is regarded as "a hill," and mayhap bears some Gaelic name which signifies a mountain. The summit, however, of this gradual acclivity is very little above the town; and I must crave indulgence if I liken it to a doorstep leading to the highway road, and the only highway road from the capital to the west coast of Lewis. You pass by Sir James Matheson's pretty fir plantations; you see by your side the reservoir which supplies Stornoway with fresh water; for a mile or so stone walls accompany you like running testimonies of civilisation; and then suddenly you find yourself upon a long road, fairly straight, which runs through a land of naked desolation. On the right the ground rises sufficiently high to obscure the northern horizon; on the south, the land falls away into a basin, whose further rim rises to the back of that chain of mountains in Harris, of which the loftiest peaks are Larig and Clisseval. The earth on the one side gives birth to a crop of grass which seems to linger in a chronic state of black typhus, and the only patches of healthy green to be seen are generally found to consist of rushes. The wider view to the left exposes a far-stretching expanse of bog and water, also black in hue and dolorous in tone. It is a treeless country. The eye misses the coppices which clothe our English landscapes, and give a further curve to sweeping hills, and a new charm to sunny meadows. The only trees on the island are those which the lord of Lewis has reared around his castle. There are no hedgerows, or even dykes, or landmarks of any kind to right or left, save here and there occasional peat-stacks. Far as the eye can see is a great expanse of which half the surface appears to consist of lake and morass, as though the island had been forgotten when "the rain from heaven was restrained, and the waters returned from off the earth."

Yet the landscape all the while is picturesque in two aspects. When the great cloud packs, sailing in from the western seas, obscure for a moment the sun's rays, and dash bold effects of light and shade across the view, there is a rare and barbarous beauty in the scene. The pools were dark, now they are awful in their intensity of blackness; the earth was brown, but now it wears a pall. But the sun breaks through the cumulus masses, and a hundred brilliant contrasts and kaleidoscopic changes simultaneously burst into view. "The long light shakes across the lakes" and gilds their surface; they shine in patches like burnished metal, while they reflect the transforming rays. Sunny laughter ripples over the russet turf; the brilliant beams fall on the grey road, and it becomes a dazzling line of white to the bounds of the perspective. Far in the distant south the rugged mountains catch the sportive rays, and seem momentarily to change their hue and shape. Larig and Clisseval, piercing the sky with their jagged edges, are deepest purple and pearly grey in instant alternation, as more or less transparent clouds struggle with the sunbeams. What looked like deep, dark chasms in their rocky sides were streaks of gorgeous shadow, whose rich tone no Tyrian dye could ever imitate. The peak first glistened with a fierce radiance; now its whole mass is suffused with and traversed by flashing colours, as though "Aquarius old, walking the fenceless fields of air," were, from his watering-pot, showering down on crest and crag a liquid rainbow. The air all the while is fresh and keen. It smacks of the sea, and suggests subtly the delicious earth-smell, to inhale which in wild woodlands is equal to the possession of a sixth sense. Once or twice as we drive along we see an occasional croft or small low house, scarcely to be distinguished from the peat stacks but for the pale blue wreath which issues from the hole in the roof, through which the smoke finds its way from the fire of turf.

The few people we meet are always barefooted, and pretty feet many of them expose; but they are not shoeless. They walk in bare feet because they are used to it; but as a proof of their riches or respectability they carry their shoes over their shoulders, and will, so our driver assures us, call a halt outside the town, and put their shoes on, in order to pace its streets as proudly as those native to the city and to the manner born. Other signs of life we also see occasionally. On the brown hill side—and it is only for convenience sake that I call the rising land a hill—we see a herd of stunted cattle browsing, or trying to browse, off the uninviting herbage. Such small, quaint-looking, miserable kine they are, that one's heart goes out to them. The very expression of their soft, uncomplaining eyes suggests that they

would like to say that they had heard of richer pasturages, and would like more food; but they are Stornoway beasts, and are resolved to cast in their lot with the people of the island. But the cattle are only accessories after all to the real episode. Wherever two or three cows are gathered together, there is with them a little creature who is as worthy of being transferred to canvas as any one of the Beggar Boys whom Marullo has immortalised. These interesting objects look at first like scarecrows in the distance; but when one comes to reflect that scarecrows are not needed to keep birds from cattle, one is obliged to agree that, notwithstanding appearances, they may be little girls. So in truth they are, as we prove by an innocent experiment. We dismount, and the trap drives on. We call, and the voices ring through the welkin until half-a-dozen children, within a mile of either side, are attracted by the sound. But our little kelpies are shy. We may call them from the moor, but they will not come. Presently, however, one of the nearest steals down modestly through the pasty soil, and stands a dozen yards or so away. A pleasant little face, lit up by two coal black eyes, and surmounted by a mop-like mass of hair which has never known scissors or comb—a lithe little figure which is seemingly covered by but one garment, and that of home-spun cloth which only reaches to the knees—a strong little figure, too, for by the legs you can see that they are used to running after little cattle, and by the arms it is clear that the youngster of twelve is able to take care of herself—she, the first of the flock, comes nearer, then emboldened comes another, and another, until the half-dozen have gathered round to see what the Saxon wants. The Saxon soon finds that, for their part, they do not want English. Not one of them, it turns out, knows a single English word, and not one of them, I learn through a friend, who is able to speak to them, has been at any other school than a Sunday school, and there they are taught Gaelic. One of our company, in reward for the attendance of these children of the moors, offers the first corner half-a-crown to be divided. She refuses it in an impetuous little Gaelic speech. She is told that it is her own, and that she is not wanted to perform any service or run any errand for it. Still she refuses, and the children around agree in the cause of her refusal. At last, it turns out, when our Gaelic-speaking friend has finally succeeded in understanding the Gaelic addressed to him, that the child's reply comes to this: "I don't want your white shillings. If I want to change it, I shall have to go to Stornoway, which is many miles away, and there they will not believe it was given me. Take it back, and give me, if you like, some *shillings rhua*." That is to say, some red money, or coppers! We all know about the unsophisticated boy of six who was asked whether he would have a half-sovereign or a half-crown piece, and said, modestly, "Please, sir, I'll take the smallest." And here was a very contrast to his innocent cupidity.

A few miles further and we reach what is, if not our destination, at all events our resting place. We have reached Gar-na-Hine, which in "The Princess of Thule" Mr. Black will keep on calling Garra-na-Hine. Here there is still the same character of scenery. The land rises at the back, and in front there is an endless series of lochs, fringed with a belt of vivid green herbage, and these are lochs whose first view must rejoice the heart of a fisherman. Dr. Johnson has said somewhere that every landscape is improved if it have a good hotel in the foreground. The view of Gar-na-Hine and the lake of the Black Water is certainly improved in that respect. It is a well-built, compact, capacious house, much better than any you will find in Stornoway. It has, let me say from personal experience, an excellent larder, and it had, when I was there, an excellent cellar too.

Lewis is of interest to the antiquarian and archaeologist in no less degree than it is to the tourist. They will recognise many links which connect its present Gaelic-speaking population with the Norsemen who held the island until, I believe, the thirteenth century. Lewis is said to be the modern form of the Norwegian "Lyoxhus," i.e., "The Sounding House," from which (again I quote) the McLeods derive their name. However this may be, it is certain that in the names of places, and in many of the words of the vernacular language, numerous examples of pure Norse are to be found. How far Norse influences have enriched or coloured the folklore of the people I had no means of discovering. Scattered about the island there are some ruins of early Christian churches, a number of cairns, and several specimens of the old dunes or burghs, of which latter the most perfect are those at Carlyon and Bragoin, two hours' walk from Callarnish. But of all the curiosities the most important is unquestionably Callarnish itself. Starting from Gar-na-Hine, and walking still westward for a mile, you see, almost another mile ahead, and upon a commanding knoll, a construction which at once attracts the eye by its singularity and

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boldness. At first sight it seems to be a group of men, and the natives give it a Gaelic name meaning "False Men;" but as you approach nearer you discover a number of tall stones arranged in a circle, and a short climb up the knoll brings you to what is unquestionably the finest Druidical circle in Scotland, not excepting that at Stenhouse in the Orkneys. It is really, now, rather in the shape of a cross than a circle, though it is possible to trace distinctly the remains of a circle surrounding the four arms of the cross.

It is no part of my province to add any contribution to the controversy about the object with which these circles were raised. Whether one agrees that they were religious or judicial scarcely matters, for in the remote past to which they belong the ecclesiastical and judicial offices were invested in the same persons. The moot question is whether they were used by the primitive inhabitants under the Druidical system, or were the Thingvalla in which the later Norsemen worshipped Odin; or were, as has been suggested, meeting places for the hybrid rites of the earlier Christians, and constructed by the missionaries who went from Iona throughout the Hebrides; and this question, so far as I am concerned, must be left unanswered.

The Druidical circle is not the only attraction of the hill of Callarnish. From the eminence on which it stands, you look out westward, and lo! there before you is Loch Bernera, studded with innumerable islands, and winding in many broad reaches of water six miles towards the sea, whose bright surface extends broad and vast towards eternity. It is now still as a mill-pond, and the sun shimmers upon its mirror-like face. A little fishing smack is making for the mouth of the loch, and away, a mere speck on the horizon, is a ship bound for an unknown shore. Those are the only sights that break the magnificent solitude of the calm, placid waste of waters. It is not always thus, however. The ragged cliffs, the caverns, the shivered rocks that strew the beach, and the strange indentations and sharp promontories of Bernera, are proofs that the lamb-like sea is wrathful as a lion. When the gales blow and the leaguer-long rollers come in with all the force of the great Atlantic behind them, then the mighty waters in their savage majesty assert their strength and supremacy, roaring and dashing at the rocky coast in the frenzy of their sublime rage, tearing the cliffs asunder, and making the solid earth to tremble. But to-day the bosom of Loch Bernera is peaceful and inviting. It is a place of marvellous loneliness. It lacks only trees to be equal to Loch Katrine. It has not hills, it is true; but it has banks sheer and high enough to serve as framework, and what they lack in height and foliage they make up in their prodigality of colour. The black hornblende contrasts with red granite and that with white gneiss, and all of these strata are so curiously contorted and intertwined that the cliff seems to be composed of gorgeous marble. The infinite variety on the one hand is equalled by the infinite variety on the other. The lake is a nursery ground of little islands, which your boat insinuates its way among and around only by the most dexterous management of its steersman, so intricate is the navigation.

Bernera, under another name, has been made famous by "The Princess of Thule," and its scenery has been described in felicitous language by Mr. Black. It was hither that Lavender came with his friend Ingram to carry away the Princess of Borva. Mr. Black calls her the Princess of Thule, which appears to be a mistake in art, for his Borva forms but a small part of Thule, and a title which was acknowledged in his Borbayost might be challenged in Barvas or Stornoway. That is a parenthesis, however, which may go for what it is worth. The appearance of that work, as might be expected, produced a great deal of excitement in the island. The Gar-na-Hine inn, now kept by Mr. Stewart, was then in possession of Mr. Hunter, who is blessed with five lovely daughters—a blessing, by-the-bye, which seems to be more generously bestowed upon fathers in Lewis than in places farther from the North Pole. Upon one of these daughters, and the fairest of them, gossip at once fastened as the original of Princess Shieln. They knew that, at least, there as no real Shieln Mackenzie; they knew that Mr. Black had seen Miss Hunter while he stayed at Gar-na-Hine, and they immediately jumped to the conclusion that Mr. Black, so far from having drawn a fancy picture, had made a portrait of this young lady. Forthwith, and to this day, she was known as the Princess of Thule. Tourists got to hear of her, and made her life miserable by dogging her steps, intercepting her on landings, rushing unannounced into rooms where she might chance to be. If I am truthfully informed, two enthusiastic admirers of the novel, on the strength of the fancied resemblance, sent the young lady proposals of marriage. She is a modest girl as well as a pretty one, and you can well imagine that all

these attentions were very embarrassing. When I saw her in Stornoway, whither her father has removed, it was easy to see that she had been so worried by inquisitive tourists that she feared every strange face; and it was perhaps not unwarrantable to suppose that in her heart of hearts she wished the book had never been written.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

THE municipal elections throughout the country result in a considerable Liberal gain, and though we have no desire to put the circumstance forward in confirmation of Mr. Gladstone's recent statement, one may be perfectly sure that had the Conservatives won the day they would have claimed the victory as a proof of the inaccuracy of Mr. Gladstone's assertion. In Manchester a Conservative replaces a Liberal in All Saints' Ward, and in Salford the reverse process has taken place, so that the result on different sides of the river may be said to balance one another. Outside our own neighbourhood, however, and where the contests were very severe, as a rule the Liberals have been successful, and singularly enough, nowhere has the success been greater than in the district which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been so industriously "stumping." If, as Mr. Chamberlain suggested, Sir Stafford Northcote's purpose was to influence the elections, he has most conspicuously failed. The Conservatives, who last year allowed the Liberals to "walk over," on this occasion ran a candidate in every ward, and employed their organisation with desperate energy to win the seats. They avowedly based their opposition upon political grounds, and frankly admitted that their object was to test the strength of the party in view of the approaching general election. In two out of the twelve wards it appears that the challengers polled a respectable minority, but they were not victorious in a single instance, the Liberals being able to hold their own everywhere. The test of strength, therefore, can scarcely be said to be encouraging to the prospects of the blustering soldier who is to put himself against Mr. Bright when the Parliamentary struggle takes place. At Dudley, which has also been the recipient of Ministerial favours, the Liberals were the challengers, and upon a strict political issue they have been victorious in every ward. The Council before consisted almost wholly of Conservatives, it now numbers 22 Conservatives and 18 Liberals, so that here at least is an indication of such a Liberal reaction as Mr. Gladstone contends is going on in the country generally. Wolverhampton had a political contest in one ward only. It is a little curious that at Peterborough, which has so lately exhibited such striking proof of its Liberalism, the Conservatives should have the advantage, and it is significant that at Launceston, which, as regards Parliamentary representation, is a pocket borough, the Liberals upon a fierce party struggle gained a small victory. On the other hand, the Conservatives have been successful in Liverpool, Wigan, and Bolton, but on examination, the returns from the boroughs of the Kingdom offer so many proofs of an increasing energy and growing strength on the part of the Liberals that we have every reason to be satisfied with the general result.

OUR TONIC SOL-FA TEACHER.

TONIC sol-fa, whatever scoffers may say, is now an accomplished fact. It is a national institution, having an incorporated college in London, for the issue of properly graded certificates, and the training of teachers. Its objects are quite distinct from all the other musical institutions, which mainly train professional musicians; while this is occupied with the training of teachers of music for the people. It has postal classes all the year round, and a fixed term of daily study in the summer. The tonic sol-fa teacher of former years was a very different teacher to the teacher of to-day. Then, any person who could sing a glee or hymn tune at sight felt himself quite the man to teach others, possibly because so few of the ordinary readers of music could do even that. And so it happened that men, utterly devoid of any musical knowledge beyond that just stated, dubbed themselves "teachers," got classes together, bungled on for a short time, got beyond their depth, and so failed, unfortunately, bringing into disrepute a system they loved not wisely but too well. Often indeed the teacher was most illiterate, and consequently educated people passed the thing by with no small amount of contempt. But now all these things are rapidly disappearing. Duly qualified teachers must pass an educational, as well as a musical, examination; and in large cities the professional tonic sol-fa teacher is fast becoming a necessity—and a reality.

School Boards are finding out that it is as easy to teach this method as to teach by ear; the one being a useful acquisition, and the other "love's labour lost." But it is in the evening class that our tonic sol-fa teacher most shines. There he gathers together persons of all ages, and by the admission of both sexes he accomplishes one of the objects of modern society—the pleasant intercourse with each other, with the refining influence of the female members and the music combined exercising a most beneficial effect.

To hear the hearty singing of such classes is, indeed, a pleasure; and who shall estimate the good such meetings may have upon the future lives of the members? One such class is now in operation at the Young Men's Christian Association, Peter Street, where, wisely breaking through the usual restraint of such institutions, ladies have been invited to join; and we would invite any of our readers to visit the class for themselves, as we are informed that the teacher, Mr. Cross, will gladly welcome such visits. Many such classes exist in and around Manchester, under the auspices of the Manchester Tonic Sol-fa Council, hon. secretary, Mr. Tilzey, 1, St. Peter's Square. With respect to the relative merits of the system we do not pretend to decide; but the fact that good is being done, that Doctors of Music, and Bachelors of Music, are amongst its best friends and supporters, that it has stood the test of forty years, and has grown mighty and strong, cannot be gainsayed. The tonic sol-fa teacher must no longer be the illiterate bungler of former years if the system is to take the place recently assigned to it by Dr. Stainer, of St. Paul's Cathedral, a position of great superiority as a vocal notation of music. He must be abreast of the times; he must be trained to take his place with the ordinary professional musician on terms of perfect equality. We notice that many in Manchester are calling themselves "certificated teachers," and we wonder whether all these gentlemen are so qualified. When we find that the certificates issued by the college amount in most cases to thousands, and that the teacher's certificate only amounts to about fifty, we cannot help doubting the right of so many in Manchester to the use of the title; if they are, then we must be fortunate in possessing so large a proportion. It is to the interest of all parties concerned that our teacher should not use a title to which he cannot justly lay claim, and we respectfully refer this matter to the attention of the Manchester Council. In a lecture recently given by one of our "certificated teachers" in the Association Hall, much was made of the fact that this method attaches to everything its proper name, and that the name always suggests the thing required, and not some other, or indefinite thing. This would apply very properly to this question of "certificated teachers." A title, to be of any value, must mean something definite, and not something general; and we mention this because we offer to all workers for the public good the right hand of fellowship if they are genuine, but we would unhesitatingly condemn any spurious quackery. And so, for the present, we take leave of our tonic sol-fa teacher, wishing him every success in the wide field of usefulness open before him.

AN OLD BALLAD.

(*à la Hood.*)

[BY A. SILLIMAN.]

BOB Potts he was a postman true,
And quite a goodly youth;
A nice young fellow, eke was he,
And full of grace and truth.

The neighbours said that Robert was
Most civil towards his betters;
But that was probably because
He was a man of *letters*.

No one could say he ever tried
His duties for to shirk,
For when he tramped from dawn till dark
His soul was in the work.

Some fellows earn with brawny hands
The daily bread they eat,
But Bob the postman followed up
His calling with his feet.

The efforts which he made to rise
Produced no deep impression,
Although it's true he daily made
Great strides in his profession.

Now Bob was very deep in love,
Or something near the same,
With a patrician-looking gal—
And Susan was her name.

But then he was a baiful youth,
Which somewhat spoiled the plan,
For though his mother's son, he was
Not quite a ladies' man.

But when he saw the fellows all
A-thronging round about,
Young Bob resolved, although no *blade*,
To go and cut them out.

On Sunday evening, then, behold
Him at his little game,
And now observe our gallant spark
Approaching of his *flame*.

He found her in, but then his love
O'erpowered him with a rush,
And sitting, hat and stick in hand,
He beat about the brush.

Says he, "Twas just a year ago,
Or longer, truth to tell,
I passed you at your window, and
I loved you *passing* well.

"And now, that is—I mean to say,
Dear, will you be my wife?
Your face has opened out to me
Another phase of life.

"I know I'm poor, but then my heart
On saucy Susan doats;
Besides, I am a careful man,
And always 'taking notes.'"

The maiden checked the luckless youth
So blindly talking "shop"—
This docile man of *letters* was
Soon brought to a "full stop."

"Dost think I'd wed with thee?" she cried,
"Thou pettifogging scamp,
A penny postman—beggar, too,
And always 'on the tramp.'

"Our married life would be a farce,
A drudgery, and killing—
With Bob, the postman, void of cash,
A 'Bob' not worth a shilling."

Then up rose Potts, that goodly youth—
"Farewell," says he, "to you,
Good bye, fast flirt! I'm far too proud
To stoop to sue for Sue."

His duties hence became a toil,
His diligence got slack;
One day whilst drunk he lost his bag,
For which he got the "sack."

He wandered, dressed in ragged suit,
About the busy town;
His constitution broken up,
His spirits broken down.

But in the end, the end must come,
Man can but die, at most;
And in the workhouse perished Bob,
For he had lost his "post."

CAPTAIN FREDERICK BURNABY, the Conservative candidate who is to turn Mr. Bright out of Birmingham, has been offering up the following nice little prayer at a political meeting:—"World to God that we were at war with Russia!" Captain Pim, M.P., speaking at Gravesend the other night, expressed a hope that before long there would be active service for the army and navy, so that the ruffian who had disturbed the peace of Europe and Shere Ali should no longer insult us with impunity. Being taken to task by a gentleman present for using unparliamentary language, he said he intended primarily to have called the Emperor of Russia a liar and a thief. What fine fellows these Jingoes are!

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CAWS OF THE WEEK.

WE have no wish to be too hard on our Tory friends. Their leaders have got the country into a nice mess—war for a certainty with Afghanistan, war in all probability with Russia, and, not least, enormous expenditure and ruined trade. Conservatives may well fear that the nation will never get right through all these troubles. In the matter of expenditure, what have the Government done? A correspondent of the *Daily News* states the case in this clear and simple way:—"The returns of the last twenty years' finance show that thirteen Liberal Budgets have resulted in remissions of taxation, including that of 1874, which was made out of a Liberal surplus, and by adopting the Liberal estimates of £29,227,716; seven Conservative Budgets have resulted in additional taxation amounting to £7,962,050. But this not all. The Liberal Budgets show a surplus revenue applicable to the reduction of the National Debt—after paying the Abyssinian war debt of £4,300,000, and £3,200,000 for the Alabama award—of £23,142,501; while the seven Conservative Budgets show an aggregate of deficits to the 31st of March, 1878, of £5,113,484, and the debt has since been further increased by the war expenditure of the present Government. Such is the price which the country has to pay for what Lord Carnarvon has justly described as a policy of fireworks. Let us hope the people will soon tire of this most expensive amusement, which prolongs the severe depression of trade and industry under which the nation is suffering, and thus inflicts privation and distress upon the masses of the people. It may be sport to the admirers of Lord Beaconsfield, but it is death to numbers of the population."

HER MAJESTY'S Government may look out for squalls upon the re-assembling of Parliament for the transaction of business. There are, as most people know, plenty of cloud-storms scudding about, but the outlook is made worse by rumours of an approaching gale from Ireland. Some folks may, perhaps, have thought that the Irish representatives had had enough of obstruction and that in future their proceedings would be orderly and such as might reasonably be looked for on the part of gentlemen assembled to consider business of importance. But things are not to be so satisfactory in this respect as one might have wished, judging from a recent newspaper report; one Irish member, at any rate, having made up his mind to have his way or make it unpleasantly warm for those who thwart him. Messrs. Parnell and Biggar were, as we learn, holding forth at a tenant-right meeting at famous Ballinasloe the other day, and Mr. Parnell observed that Home Rule had had a fair trial and been found wanting, and now the only thing for the country was an obstructive policy. Further than this, he intimated that they (himself and Mr. Biggar) should simply lay a bill embodying their views as to fixity of tenure on the table of the House of Commons, and if the Government, after having been given time to consider it, rejected it, they should say, "We will make ourselves as disagreeable as possible." We may presume that Messrs. Parnell and Biggar—for we take it that the latter gentleman is included in this matter—will be prepared to do as they threaten in the event of the Government "treading on the tails of their coats," and we may therefore congratulate ourselves upon the prospect of some fun if nothing more during the next session.

GREAT men are sometimes betrayed by their memories. We have heard of some who frequently forgot their own names even. The other day a native of Cologne arrived in Paris on a visit to the Exhibition. At the station he put himself under the guidance of a party who was looking out for visitors. He was soon installed in private lodgings in the Rue de —. As soon as his luggage was brought up he wrote a letter to his wife, informing her of his safe arrival and giving her his address. The wife had scarcely read the letter when a telegram was handed to her from her husband, asking her to send his address in the French capital, as he had lost himself and had no recollection of where his lodgings were—not even the street !!

NEWSPAPERS, like men, have strange ups-and-downs. The London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury* says that the *Examiner*, which has been directed by staunch Liberals like Leigh Hunt, Albany Fonblanque, and in later years by Mr. Minto, has suddenly assumed a militant Conservatism which would suggest its having become the special organ of the Jingoes. The secret was well kept, and it is now only known that Lord Rosebery, who at the commencement of the present year succeeded Mr. P. A. Taylor as proprietor of the paper, is already tired of his plaything,

and sold it some days ago to a Mr. or Count d'Avigdor, a gentleman in society, who is acting as his own editor, assisted by a military and sporting friend. How long the *Examiner* as a Conservative organ or a journal of society will exist remains to be seen; but it seems rather like the irony of fate that the newspaper whose editor in its youth suffered imprisonment for alluding to the Heir-Apparent as a fat Adonis, should in its advanced age become the chronicle of fashion and the satellite of the classes which the present Heir to the Throne most frequents.

THE THEATRES.

AT the Royal the Carl Rosa Opera Company continue their very successful engagement. In these times of dramatic degeneration it is more than pleasing to find that, in his attempt to bring English opera once more to the front, Mr. Rosa has been generously supported by playgoers. This was, however, to be expected. Under his management English opera has been once more made a living thing. All the artistes have been found equal to the tasks imposed upon them; the orchestra has never been lacking in quality and power, while the accessories have always been profuse, and in most excellent taste. Under these circumstances it would have been truly pitiful if Mr. Rosa had experienced a bad season. To-night, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* will be produced, and ought to draw a crowded audience. Wallace's *Lurline* is promised for to-morrow (Saturday).

The Comic Opera, by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, *Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore*, for the first time in Manchester, was put on the Prince's stage on Monday. Mr. Sullivan's music is bright and pleasing, though following somewhat closely the lines of former compositions. Some of the songs are exceedingly comical, both as to music and libretto, that, for example, of the Captain (Mr. Dwyer) who was "Never, never, sick at sea;" and the First Lord's biographical song, with rather too close a resemblance of the Judge's song in *Trial by Jury*, by Mr. Ryley; and the Boatswain's song of his captain, "Who might have been a Roosian, A French, or Turk, or Proosian, But in spite of all temptations, To belong to other nations, Remain an Englishman." The choruses, which all echo the songs, come with capital and humorous effect. Though plot in a Comic Operetta is hardly to be looked for, there is a humorous attempt at a story, which, slight as it is, is not uninteresting, and Mr. Gilbert's quiet fun is everywhere perceptible and enjoyable. To-night and Saturday, *The Sorcerer* will be given by the same company.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Believing that many doubts might be removed and much useful instruction communicated under this heading, we have, after careful consideration and momentous meditation, made up our mind to comply with the claims of our correspondents in this respect, and, by begging, borrowing, and stealing, to answer any and every question, whether it relates to things on the earth, things above the earth, or things beneath the earth. Here goes:

"Maid."—If he loves you he should say so.

"Widow."—Be guided by experience.

"W. M."—It is a case of difficulty.

"M. W."—The thing is clear as day.

"J. S. S."—We know nothing of the arrangements of the Paris lottery.

"E. M."—Mudie's library is in New Oxford Street, London.

"Charley."—Apply to Mr. G. Street, newsagent, Cornhill, London.

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CENTRAL WIRE WORKS.

The cheapest House in the City for WINDOW BLINDS, GUARDS, and
every description of WIRE GOODS.
F. J. BROWN, ALBION STREET, GAYTHORN.

NOVEMBER 8, 1878.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

5

LUXURY, HEALTH, CLEANLINESS, ECONOMY.

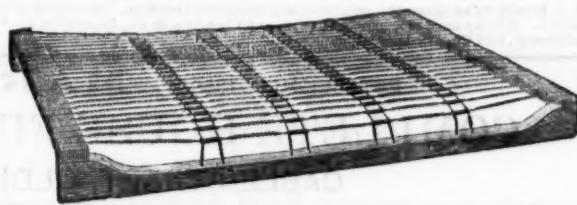
"THE EXCELSIOR" PATENT SPRING MATTRESS.

Ease, Comfort, Cleanliness, Uniform Elasticity, Adaptation to form of Body, Noiselessness and Economy all attained to perfection.

The attention of the Public is respectfully directed to this excellent Invention in its various forms and adaptations, and thorough examination and test of its qualities is earnestly invited.



INVALID OR OCCASIONAL BED,
Removable Head-Board and Folding made
any required size.



MATTRESS, on polished pitch-pine frame. Made any size, to fit wood, brass, or iron bedsteads.



HOSPITAL OR SCHOOL BED,
With "Excelsior" Mattresses applied to the Iron
Frame.
Size 6ft. 6in. by 9ft. 2in.
Made in other Sizes and Patterns.

This Mattress forms a wonderfully elastic, comfortable, and healthy bed, adapting itself exactly to the recumbent form, perfectly noiseless, simple, and neat in design, strong and durable in construction, and though never out of order, can, if damaged, be easily repaired; the springs running lengthwise ensure complete isolation where two or more occupy a bed, the principle of construction preventing depression in the centre.

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MEDALS AND AWARDS.

SILVER MEDAL awarded at International Horse Show, 1874.

CERTIFICATE OF MERIT at Manchester and Salford
(Highest Award) Exhibition of Sanitary Appliances,
August 6th to 18th, 1877.

THE PRIZE MEDAL at the Leamington Exhibition of the
Sanitary Institute of Great Britain,
October 3rd to 18th, 1877.

THE CERTIFICATE OF MERIT at the Stafford Exhibition
(Highest Award for of the Sanitary Institute of Great
Spring Mattresses.) Britain, October 2nd to 19th, 1878.

CARTE DE VISITE PORTRAITS.

By a New Process, from 3s. 6d. per Doz.
Life-sized Portraits (Oil, Water, or Crayon) Equally Cheap.

WATERS, 130, HYDE ROAD, ARDWICK.
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CHORLTON & DUGDALE, 19, BLACKFRIARS STREET, MANCHESTER.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

WE have no wish to be too hard on our Tory friends. Their leaders have got the country into a nice mess—war for a certainty with Afghanistan, war in all probability with Russia, and, not least, enormous expenditure and ruined trade. Conservatives may well fear that the nation will never get right through all these troubles. In the matter of expenditure, what have the Government done? A correspondent of the *Daily News* states the case in this clear and simple way:—"The returns of the last twenty years' finance show that thirteen Liberal Budgets have resulted in remissions of taxation, including that of 1874, which was made out of a Liberal surplus, and by adopting the Liberal estimates of £29,227,716; seven Conservative Budgets have resulted in additional taxation amounting to £7,962,050. But this not all. The Liberal Budgets show a surplus revenue applicable to the reduction of the National Debt—after paying the Abyssinian war debt of £4,300,000, and £3,200,000 for the Alabama award—of £23,142,501; while the seven Conservative Budgets show an aggregate of deficits to the 31st of March, 1878, of £5,113,484, and the debt has since been further increased by the war expenditure of the present Government. Such is the price which the country has to pay for what Lord Carnarvon has justly described as a policy of fireworks. Let us hope the people will soon tire of this most expensive amusement, which prolongs the severe depression of trade and industry under which the nation is suffering, and thus inflicts privation and distress upon the masses of the people. It may be sport to the admirers of Lord Beaconsfield, but it is death to numbers of the population."

HER MAJESTY'S Government may look out for squalls upon the re-assembling of Parliament for the transaction of business. There are, as most people know, plenty of cloud-storms scudding about, but the outlook is made worse by rumours of an approaching gale from Ireland. Some folks may, perhaps, have thought that the Irish representatives had had enough of obstruction and that in future their proceedings would be orderly and such as might reasonably be looked for on the part of gentlemen assembled to consider business of importance. But things are not to be so satisfactory in this respect as one might have wished, judging from a recent newspaper report; one Irish member, at any rate, having made up his mind to have his way or make it unpleasantly warm for those who thwart him. Messrs. Parnell and Biggar were, as we learn, holding forth at a tenant-right meeting at famous Ballinasloe the other day, and Mr. Parnell observed that Home Rule had had a fair trial and been found wanting, and now the only thing for the country was an obstructive policy. Further than this, he intimated that they (himself and Mr. Biggar) should simply lay a bill embodying their views as to fixity of tenure on the table of the House of Commons, and if the Government, after having been given time to consider it, rejected it, they should say, "We will make ourselves as disagreeable as possible." We may presume that Messrs. Parnell and Biggar—for we take it that the latter gentleman is included in this matter—will be prepared to do as they threaten in the event of the Government "treading on the tails of their coats," and we may therefore congratulate ourselves upon the prospect of some fun if nothing more during the next session.

GREAT men are sometimes betrayed by their memories. We have heard of some who frequently forgot their own names even. The other day a native of Cologne arrived in Paris on a visit to the Exhibition. At the station he put himself under the guidance of a party who was looking out for visitors. He was soon installed in private lodgings in the Rue de —. As soon as his luggage was brought up he wrote a letter to his wife, informing her of his safe arrival and giving her his address. The wife had scarcely read the letter when a telegram was handed to her from her husband, asking her to send his address in the French capital, as he had lost himself and had no recollection of where his lodgings were—not even the street!!

NEWSPAPERS, like men, have strange ups-and-downs. The London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury* says that the *Examiner*, which has been directed by staunch Liberals like Leigh Hunt, Albany Fonblanche, and in later years by Mr. Minto, has suddenly assumed a militant Conservatism which would suggest its having become the special organ of the Jingoes. The secret was well kept, and it is now only known that Lord Rosebery, who at the commencement of the present year succeeded Mr. P. A. Taylor as proprietor of the paper, is already tired of his plaything,

and sold it some days ago to a Mr. or Count d'Avigdor, a gentleman in society, who is acting as his own editor, assisted by a military and sporting friend. How long the *Examiner* as a Conservative organ or a journal of society will exist remains to be seen; but it seems rather like the irony of fate that the newspaper whose editor in its youth suffered imprisonment for alluding to the *Heir-Accident* as a fat Adonis, should in its advanced age become the chronicle of fashion and the satellite of the classes which the present *Heir to the Throne* most frequents.

THE THEATRES.

AT the Royal the Carl Rosa Opera Company continue their very successful engagement. In these times of dramatic degeneration it is more than pleasing to find that, in his attempt to bring English opera once more to the front, Mr. Rosa has been generously supported by playgoers. This was, however, to be expected. Under his management English opera has been once more made a living thing. All the artistes have been found equal to the tasks imposed upon them; the orchestra has never been lacking in quality and power, while the accessories have always been profuse, and in most excellent taste. Under these circumstances it would have been truly pitiful if Mr. Rosa had experienced a bad season. To-night, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* will be produced, and ought to draw a crowded audience. Wallace's *Lurline* is promised for to-morrow (Saturday).

The Comic Opera, by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, *Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore*, for the first time in Manchester, was put on the Prince's stage on Monday. Mr. Sullivan's music is bright and pleasing, though following somewhat closely the lines of former compositions. Some of the songs are exceedingly comical, both as to music and libretto, that, for example, of the Captain (Mr. Dwyer) who was "Never, never, sick at sea;" and the First Lord's biographical song, with rather too close a resemblance of the Judge's song in *Trial by Jury*, by Mr. Ryley; and the Boatswain's song of his captain, "Who might have been a Roosian, A French, or Turk, or Proosian, But in spite of all temptations, To belong to other nations, Remain an Englishman." The choruses, which all echo the songs, come with capital and humorous effect. Though plot in a Comic Operetta is hardly to be looked for, there is a humorous attempt at a story, which, slight as it is, is not uninteresting, and Mr. Gilbert's quiet fun is everywhere perceptible and enjoyable. To-night and Saturday, *The Sorcerer* will be given by the same company.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Believing that many doubts might be removed and much useful instruction communicated under this heading, we have, after careful consideration and momentous meditation, made up our mind to comply with the claims of our correspondents in this respect, and, by begging, borrowing, and stealing, to answer any and every question, whether it relates to things on the earth, things above the earth, or things beneath the earth. Here goes:

- "Maid."—If he loves you he should say so.
- "Widow."—Be guided by experience.
- "W. M."—It is a case of difficulty.
- "M. W."—The thing is clear as day.
- "J. S. S."—We know nothing of the arrangements of the Paris lottery.
- "E. M."—Mudie's library is in New Oxford Street, London.
- "Charley."—Apply to Mr. G. Street, newsagent, Cornhill, London.
- "Gallicus."—You might be struck off the register on an objection being made.
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NOVEMBER 8, 1878.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

5

LUXURY, HEALTH, CLEANLINESS, ECONOMY.

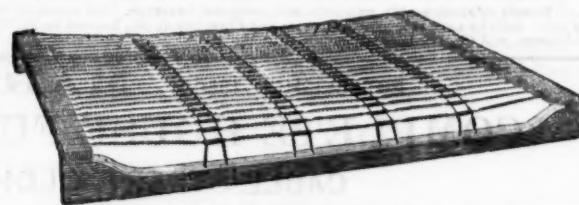
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Gained the Certificate of Merit (the Highest Award)

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Keep the following first-class preparations on hand, and for being the best medicines for their different purposes they can give their unqualified endorsement, knowing that in each case they will give entire satisfaction. They are kept by no other house in London, we having secured the Sole Agency. We will, therefore, on receipt of price attached, send them to any part of the world, securely packed and free from observation.

Money may be sent either by Cheque, Post-office Order, Registered Letter, or in Postage Stamps. All letters to be addressed and Cheques made payable to—

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Ringwood's Cancer Specific.

The introduction of Ringwood's Cancer and Tumour Specific into this country, has utterly exploded the common theory that cancer is incurable. It must be pleasant for persons afflicted with that dreadful disease to know that one course of Ringwood's Cancer and Tumour Specific will cure the worst form of cancer without the necessity of any surgical operation. By its timely use many hundreds of lives have been saved. It instantly removes all pain. It is, undoubtedly, the greatest medical discovery of the 19th century. A full course, which is nearly sufficient for any case, sent securely packed and free from observation to any part of the country on receipt of 50/-.

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Cures all Diseases of the Eye and Dimness of Vision. Gives immediate beneficial results. Sold in bottles at 2/- and 4/- each.

Canton's Neuralgo-Rheumatic Elixir.

For the immediate relief and permanent cure of Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Gout. Three bottles will permanently cure the worst case. Sold in bottles at 5/- each, or 3 for 10/-.

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For the removal of corpulence. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. It acts upon the food in the stomach, preventing its being converted into fat. It will reduce a fat person from three to six pounds a week. Sold in bottles at 6/- and 7/- each.

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It is not a CURE-ALL, but for diseases of the Kidneys and the Bladder it is a SPECIFIC. It is convenient to carry, pleasant to take, and does not taint the breath, and positively cures all forms of Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Sold in bottles at 6/- and 7/- each.

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For Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, and Accumulation of Gas on the Stomach. Sold in bottles at 2/- and 4/- each.

Phosphoric Air.

A medicated vapour for the immediate relief and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, and all forms of Throat Diseases, Epilepsy, Loss of Vigour, Impotence, and all Diseases of the Lungs, Air Passages, Nerve Centres, and Brain. Do not despair, hesitate, or doubt. For many years past, and for the specific. It is a medicated vapour applied on a new and scientific principle, the use of which has saved thousands from a premature grave. To persons suffering from Lung and Nervous Diseases, it is invaluable, as it goes at once to the air passages and brain, imparting tone, vigour, brain power, and vital force to the most depressed. Being very pleasant to use it, can safely be taken by the most delicate. One Month's Treatment and Inhaler sent securely packed to any part of the country on receipt of 20/-.

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A sovereign cure for Deafness and Discharges from the Ear. Sold in bottles at 5/- and 7/- each.

Henley's Headache Pills.

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Arnold's Vitaline.

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The Famous Hair Producer. It produces hair on the head and face in the shortest time of any preparation before the public. Sold in bottles at 2/- and 4/- each.

Allen's Constipation Pills.

For the cure of Constipation and Piles. Sold in boxes at 2/- and 4/- each.

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And Purifying
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Diamond the world ever produced.

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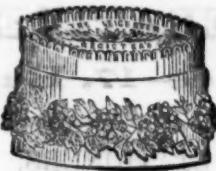
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AGENTS WANTED.

THE L. P. P.



THE L. P. P.

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Established 1810.

Established 1810.

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JOHN HARDMAN, MANAGER.

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AND ALL PAINTERS' SUNDRIES.
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Three doors from Rochdale Road, and opposite Smithfield Market,
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The Trade most liberally dealt with.

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JAMES'S LIFE PILLS
Remove Freckles and Pimples, and are unequalled for Beautifying and Refreshing the Skin. They never fail to restore youthful colour and impart new life, Is. 1d. a Box, at all Chemists.

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J. E. TOMLINSON & CO., 10, Shudehill.

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GOOD for the cure of INDIGESTION.
GOOD for the cure of SICK HEADACHE.
GOOD for the cure of HEARTBURN.
GOOD for the cure of BILIOUSNESS.
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